

America's Regret: The Civil War

by HetaliaAmerica1212

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Summary: The Civil War. A war that America remembers very well. Its bloody battles left him with scars, and even today they ache with regret. Even worse, he is haunted by his brother Allen. America is filled with guilt for what has happened. Can he find closure for what he has done? Warning: 2P!America is OOC. Shoutout to SableAura for editing and setting this up. She is so awesome.

America's Regret: The Civil War

Please Read: Hello this is my first fanfiction, I hope you enjoy my work. Please feel free to give me constructive criticism that could help me improve my writing i'm always open to it.

I would like to say thanks to my partner SableAura who has been helping me with editing my book and taking the time out of her busy senior schedule to help me. she has an account on Wattpad so if you have the time please check her out.

WARNING: OOC of 2p America. Also Sadly I don't own Hetalia *Pouts*

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><p>Chapter 1<p>

****Alfred POV****

He's there.

He's always there, haunting me. No one can see him, I bear this burden my own.

I remember the day, the day the war ended and the rogue States rejoined the Union. The day they became whole again.

The civil war, the bloodiest war in American history. The day it ended haunts me still and fills me with regret, for I can never take

back what I have done.

**flashback**

April 9, 1865

It was a rainy, spring day. The clouds filled the sky and the ground muddy and wet. The ground littered with the fallen, blood mixing in with the muddy water. It was a similar picture to the day he left England and became independent, his soldiers lined up behind him while his brother stood alone in front of him.

"_Enough Allen, we've won. Stop this now, please." America yelled, determination in voice. His gun pointed at his brother, tears in his eyes, threatening to fall. "Please, I don't want to hurt you."_

Allen looked up from the ground to glare at his older brother. The gun was hanging limply in his hand, while his brother's was pointed at his face, the bayonet glowing softly in the rain. "Oh brother, you've already hurt me. So how's it feel, United States of America, ya feel whole again? Do ya feel happy seein' me sufferin'?" He spoke with venom lacing his voice.

_America's heart clenched. He ground his teeth, trying to stop the tears that were already falling down his face as he gripped his gun tighter. "You know that I didn't want this. I didn't want a war. I just wanted all of my people to be free, and that couldn't happen if there were people who weren't. I DIDN'T WANT THIS!" He stared at his brother with pleading eyes. "Please, drop the gun." _

Allen snarled. "Never!" He raised his gun and ran at his older brother, determination in his red eyes. He pointed it at him and prepared to shoot.

BANG

Clutching his heart Allen fell to the ground, red liquid dripping between his fingers. America walked up to his dying brother, guilt and sorrow filled his eyes as he fell to his knees and broke down in gut wrenching sobs. Clutching his brother's free hand in his, he said. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry little brother!"

Allen stared up at his brother. He broke his hand free and slowly brought it up to the other's face.

_America looked his brother in the eyes as he leaned into Allen's hand. His heart clenched as his brother spoke his last words "It's okay." His brother smiled at him before his eyes closed and his hand fell limp to the ground. _

Light surrounded his body as he began to disappear." No, no, please, please don't go, please don't leave me." America screamed and he hugged Allen's fading body. His brother faded completely leaving America to only hug himself as he cried.

**End flashback**

No he would never forget, and he would never forgive himself for killing his brother.

* * *

><p>Okay this is the first chapter. The second chapter will be uploaded soon after my partner is done editing it. Thanks for Reading!<p>

End
file.